



And of your grace granteth me som drope;
for elles may me laste ne blis ne hope,
Ne dwellen in my trouble careful herte.

WOMANLY NOBLESSE.
Ballade that Chaucier made.

O hath my herte caught
in remembrance
Your beaute hool, and
stedfast governaunce,
Your vertues alle, and
your hy noblesse,
That you to serve is set
at my plesaunce;
So wel me lykth your
womanly contaunce,
Your fresshe fetures and your comlinesse,
That, whyl I live, my herte to his maistresse,
You hath ful chose, in trewe persēveraunce,
Never to chaunge, for no maner distresse.

And sith I you shal do this observaunce
Al my lyf, withouten displesaunce,
You for to serve with al my besinesse,
Taketh me, lady, in your obeisaunce,

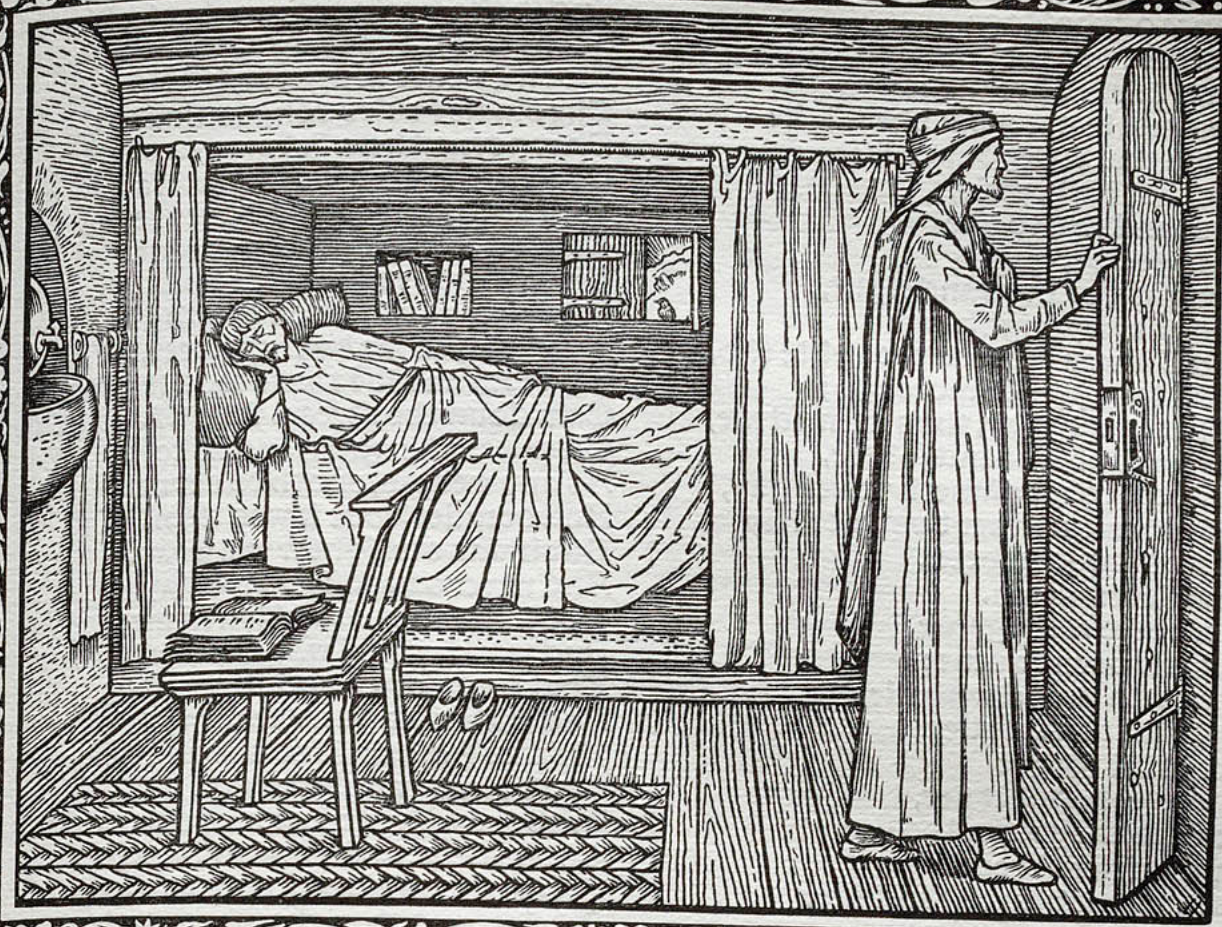
And have me somewhat in your souvenaunce.
My woful herte suffreth greet duresse;
And loke how humbly, with al simpleesse,
My wil I conforme to your ordenaunce,
As you best list, my peynes to redresse.

Considering eek how I hange in balaunce
In your servyse; swich, to I is my chaunce,
Abiding grace, whan that your gentillesse
Of my gret wo list doon allegaunce,
And with your pite me som wyse avaunce,
In ful rebating of my hevinesse;
And thinkth, by reson, womanly noblesse
Shuld nat desyre for to doon outrance
Theras she findeth noon unbuxumnesse.

Lenvoye.

VICTOUR of norture, lady of
pleasaunce,
Soveraine of beaute, flour of
wommanhede,
Take ye non hede unto myn
ignorance,
But this receyveth of your goodlihede,
Thinking that I have caught in remembrance
Your beaute hool, your stedfast governaunce.

HEERE BIGYNNETH THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE



But undoth us the avisioun
That whylom mette king Cipouin.
And whoso sayth, or weneth it be
A jape, or elles a nycetee
To wene that dremes after falle,
Let whoso liste a fool me calle,
for this trowe I, and say for me,
That dremes signifaunce be
Of good and harme to many wightes,
That dremen in her slepe aughtes
ful many thinges covertly,
That fallen after al openly.

I THIN my twenty yere of age,
Whan that Love taketh his
corage
Of yonge folk, I wente sone
To bedde, as I was wont to done,
And fast I sleep; and in sleping,

Me mette swiche a swevening,
That lykede me wonders wel;
But in that sweven is never a del
That it nis afterward befallē,
Right as this dreem wol telle us alle.
Now this dreem wol I ryme aright,
To make your hertes gawe and light;
for Love it prayeth, and also

MEN SEYN THAT IN SWEVENINGES

Ther nis but fables and lesinges;
But men may somme swevenes seen,
Which hardely ne false been,
But afterward ben apparaunte.
This may I drawe to waraunte
An authour, that hight Macrobes,
That halt not dremes false ne lees,